

Cleveland, April 18, 1853.

Monday Morning.

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Dear Wife:

"I take my pencil in hand to let you know that I am well, and hope these few lines will find you enjoying the same blessing."

Our ride from Boston to Springfield (100 miles) was accomplished in two hours and three quarters—and the time seemed to be much less than this, with so pleasant a companion as Wendell by my side. The remainder of the ride to Albany (the same distance) was tedious and snail-paced enough, occupying between seven and eight hours. On arriving at the Greenwich depot, I expected (as did every other passenger) the usual means of conveyance across the Hudson river to the city—i.e., a steam ferry-boat. But there was nothing of the kind. Our only alternative was to take a small row-boat, at our own expense, my part of which was 52½ cents! Most shameful sponging, and a most shameful arrangement. I went to the Delevan House, where I paid one dollar for a bed (which I occupied but three hours) and a breakfast as oneagre as though Albany had no provision market. So unexpected was this ride into the morning, and so excessively wearied did I feel, that I came very near taking the cars for Boston

instead of Buffalo — knowing that, if I continued on, I should have to ride all the next night, and fearing I should be completely "used up." However, I concluded to go on, and therefore took the half past 7 A. M. train for Buffalo, arriving at the same hour in the evening. At Syracuse, I saw Mr. Sedgwick at the depot, but no one else that I knew, except Henry B. Stanton, whom I did not care to salute.

We left Buffalo at half past 8 in the evening, and arrived at this place at half past 4 in the morning, (Sunday,) having had a most uncomfortable night — our car being crowded with a set of noisy "Ethiopian" vagrants, and the atmosphere quite intolerable, as not a window was lifted during the night.

Thoroughly jaded out, I went directly to the "New England Hotel," longing and expecting to get a bed immediately; but I had to wait more than three hours before I could get accommodated, the house was so full. At last, I was furnished with one of the largest and best rooms in the hotel, and have had nothing to complain of since. About 9 o'clock I went to bed, and slept soundly until dinner-time. After dinner, I sat down in my room to make some "skeleton" preparation for the Convention at Cincinnati, presuming I should be secure from intrusion; but I soon heard a knock at my door, and found on opening ^{it}, Mr. W. H. Day,

a very intelligent colored young man, formerly a student at Oberlin, and now about starting a newspaper in behalf of his race. The barber who shaved me in the morning found out ~~that~~ I who I was, and informed him - so I was no longer in coq. He remained some time. In the evening, I visited my old friends who watched over me in my sickness, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and spent an hour with them very pleasantly. Also an hour with Edward Wall, another kind friend. Joseph Barker is in town, but I have not been able to see him yet. Perhaps he is here to take the cars for Cincinnati - though, as he has his wife with him, I fear he is not going.

The weather has been fair all the way, and this morning every thing is brilliant in the extreme. In the course of another hour, I shall leave for Cincinnati, where I shall probably arrive at seasonable bed-time.

So much for the jaunt, thus far. I detest travelling, and like home infinitely better than any other place in the world. More I have not a moment to add.

Yours, lovingly, Wm Lloyd Garrison.

H. E. G.

Mrs. Helen C. Garrison,
Care of R. F. Wallcut,
24 Cornhill,
Boston, Mass.

